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Musings By The Way

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MUSINGS BY THE WAY.

POEMS

BY M. H. Y.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

To the Rev. G. F. Arthur,

VICAR OF TAMERTON FOLIOT, DEVON.

PLYMOUTH:
GEORGE SIMMS, 30, WHIMPLE STREET.
1854.

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TO THE REV. G. F. ARTHUR.

ERRATA:—

Page 8, line 1, for *fitly* read *lofty*.
„ 11, „ 8, „ *they* „ *them*.
„ 40, „ 17, „ *soul* „ *soil*.
„ 51, 2nd stanza, line 3, for *his declining* read *his now declining*.
„ 51, 4th stanza, „ 1, „ *cried* read *cries*.

short of the present standard of literary requirements.

Should the feelings which I have endeavoured to express in these "MUSINGS BY THE WAY" tend with the aid of the Holy Spirit to inspire similar feelings of adoration and gratitude, in any who may read them, towards the bountiful Giver of all good, I shall feel it a richer reward than any that can be attained by the noblest aspirants after earth's fading laurels.

I remain, Rev. Sir,
Yours most respectfully,
MARY HARRIETT YEO.

Tamerton Foliot.
1854.

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Musings by the Way.

THOUGHTS ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Would that my heart possess'd a seraph's fire!
With rapt'rous harmony I 'd touch my lyre
And soar to realms sublime;
Transformed by heav'nly thoughts, I 'd rise above
Earth's trifling vanities, and sing of Love,
Infinite and divine.

Love, that created earth, sea, air, and sky,
With all the boundless vast variety,
Which nature's page displays;
Infinite Love designed and formed the whole,
And breathed in mortal man a living soul,
That should declare His praise.

There's not a single leaf, a flower, or tree,
But what alike proclaims a Deity
Omnipotent and wise;
The meanest worm or insect owes its birth
To the same sovereign Love, that made the earth
And spread abroad the skies.

But Mercy joined with Love contrived the plan
Which sent salvation unto ruin'd man,
And raised the soul to Heaven
Which sin had exiled from that holy place,
Until God's glory in the Saviour's face
Had guilty man forgiven.

'Tis this which forms the never ending song
Of heav'nly choristers—that shining throng
Of angel spirits pure;
"That God so loved the world, to give His Son
To die for guilt that fallen man had done,
And all his woes endure."

But while the song of God's amazing Love,
Resounds from golden harps in heaven above,
Oh may I sing the same!
And ever strive in words and works to praise
The great omnipotent Creator's ways,
And magnify His Name.

A CALL TO AID BOTH MISSIONARY LABOURS ABROAD AND THE DIFFUSION OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE AT HOME.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."
Genesis i, 3.

"Let there be light!"—the omnipotent command
Was echoed through immeasurable space;
While darkness fled beneath the Almighty's hand,
And glorious light burst forth to take its place.

At His decree the dark chaotic shroud
Was thrown aside, and all creation sprung
Into existence—whilst were sung aloud
Praises to God by each angelic tongue.

They joined in one harmonious song,
Till heaven resounded with the sacred theme
Of—Glory, majesty, and might belong
To the eternal God who reigns supreme.

"Let there be light!"—these words again were spoken
By One to whom all power on earth was given;
Who came to heal the spirit seared and broken,
Who came to lead the penitent to heaven.

Light to the mind,—this was the precious gift,
This the immortal boon, which Jesus gave
To sinners, that they might repent, and lift
Their souls to Him who came these souls to save.

Though angels at the first creation strove
To honour God with their triumphant lays;
Yet souls exalted high through Jesu's love
Sing a new song of never ending praise.

"Let there be light!"—the radiant beams broke forth
O'er boundless regions with impetuous sway,
While from far east to west, from south to north,
Was seen and felt the glorious orb of day.

Shall not the light of nature, which still glows
With its primeval loveliness, condemn
The efforts of those beings who oppose
The plans which shed a moral light on man.

Yes, and it will condemn them; for the light
Of knowledge was intended to be spread,
Till the whole earth should feel its power and might,
And all acknowledge Jesus as their Head.

"Let there be light!"—and shall there any dare
Presume to stop the great designs of God;

Oh ! let them from such vain attempts forbear,
And help to spread this gracious light abroad.

And do we not the same injunction hear,
From hearts oppressed with ignorance and sin ;
For does not ev'ry guilty act declare,
What lamentable darkness reigns within.

Then listen to the sound, all ye who claim
England, the land of freedom, as your right ;
Hear it all ye who bear the christian name ;
Obey God's first command, —"Let there be light !"

FOR THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

Word of our God ! revealed Lord,
Shine on these pages which record
Thy mercy, love, and power ;
Illumine with Thy Spirit's light
All that is dark to mortal sight,
That we may doubt no more.

Oh feed our souls with living bread ;
And guide us by the star that led
Thy Church in ages past ;
Lead us to Thee, Thou great "I Am";
Alpha and Omega, the same,
The First and yet the Last.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."
Job xxii, 21.

Seek thou the Lord, acquaint thyself with Him,
Before the waning hours of life are fled;
Ere yet the mortal eye is closed and dim,
And thou art are number'd with the silent dead.

How oft the sculptured marble does record
The virtues of the mouldering dust beneath;
And yet perchance they never knew the Lord,
The mighty Maker, who first gave them breath.

They might have known Him as creation's Lord,
Who fixed the bound'ry of nature's laws;
For who, that looks upon the ocean's flood,
Can doubt but there must be one grand First Cause.

They might have viewed the spangled heavens at night
With admiration, and with pleasure gazed
Upon the pale moon's calm and mellowed light,
For scenes like these e'en infidels have praised.

But if the stars "which at creation's birth
In joyful concert sung triumphant strains,"
Led not their guilty wandering thoughts from earth
To heaven, where God in glory reigns,

Then all their admiration was bestowed
For nought indeed; for moon and stars can shed
No light to cheer the narrow dreary road
Of death's cold valley, which we all must tread.

They might have traversed with the piercing eye
Of deep philosophy paths hid from men
Of weaker reason; earth, the sea, the sky,
Have been surveyed by their all searching ken;

But all in vain, if that they knew Him not;
Although His hidden wonders they might trace,
It matters little, if God was forgot,
And in their hearts found no abiding place.

They might have loved to trace the opening bloom,
Of some sweet bud, and watched the full-blown flowers,
They might have sought, and loved the pleasing gloom
Of nature's wild romantic woodland bowers;

But if their thoughts ne'er rose to Him who made
Each lovely plant, that springs to life and dies,
They cannot pluck those flowers that never fade,
Or wander through the bowers of paradise.

They might have reached the pinnacle of fame,
Or on the earth's high places firmly trod;

But what avail a fitly sounding name,
If they alas ! were ignorant of God.

They might have known Him as the Great Unknown,
But never prayed that He might be revealed,
Never by faith approached His glorious throne,
Or sought a Saviour, that they might be healed.

They never touch'd the sceptre of His love,
And asked for Jesu's sake to be forgiven ;
They never raised their hearts and hopes above,
Where Jesus reigns, at God's right hand in heaven.

Not so the christian : he through grace is brought
To be acquainted with the living Lord ;
Reposing on His love, he wants for nought,
For God has given him all things in His word.

Nature and nature's beauties he admires,
Because his Father's hand has made them all ;
But from these lesser works his soul aspires
To that bright land, where angels prostrate fall

Before the " King of kings," the " Lord of lords "
Whose royal throne for ever shall endure ;
And the redeemed, who touch the thrilling chords
Of heavenly harps, shall stand with Him secure.

MUSIC'S CHARM.

There are chords within our hearts, may be touched
by music's strain;
The memory of past days, that we ne'er can know
again:
Thoughts of friends departed, which sweet music may
awaken;
Friends dearly loved, whom death from this weary
world has taken.

When we listen to some melody which they were wont
to sing,
In bygone days, responding as they touched the tuneful
string,
Each note recalls their well known voice, in fancy still
we hear
Its soft and thrilling accents falling gently on our ear.

Alas! and 'tis but fancy; for the spell that music
weaves
Around our hearts will pass away, like autumn's
fading leaves;
The vision that hath charmed us is fleeting in its stay,
'T will vanish, when the last sweet note in silence dies
away.

But there's abiding melody on heaven's celestial plains;
No thought of sorrow mingles with the sweet seraphic strains;
No tear drop glistens in the eye for friends we loved so well,
If they are Christ's, we then shall meet and with Him ever dwell.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

"Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore."
"And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians: and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses."

Exodus xiv, 30—31.

What terror seized the Israelites of old,
When just escaped from Egypt's dreaded land,
To look around, and with dismay behold
Pharoah and all his conquering hosts at hand!

Where could they flee? where refuge hope to find?
On either side high rocks and mountains rise,
And vain th' attempt, though all their strength combined
To scale those barriers tow'ring to the skies.

Should they go onward ; lo ! before them lay
Stretched in its might, from distant shore to shore,
The deep Red Sea ; alas ! what hope had they
To pass its foaming billows safely o'er ?

Loud, loud, their murmurs rose against that God,
Who for their sakes such miracles had wrought,
Who had redeemed them from the tyrant's rod,
And they and theirs from dire oppression brought.

Why hath He thus dealt with us, lo ! they cried ;
Are these the blessings of the promised land ?
Better in slavery to have lived, and died,
Than perish here by Pharoah's wrathful hand.

But He who dwelleth in the heavens above,
" The high and lofty One whom angels praise,"
Designed to show His wondrous power and love,
That all the earth might magnify His ways.

For now when every human hope seemed vain
For Israel to escape the dreaded foe,
By His command the sea was cleft in twain,
He thus prepared a way for them to go.

Majestic sight, that nigh o'erwhelmed each soul
Of murmuring Israel ; they felt condemned,
When they beheld those mighty waters roll
Apart, and knew that God was still their Friend.

For them the ocean's depths uncover'd lay,
They trod where mortals never trod before;
The pathless sea when sever'd proved the way,
Whereby indeed they reach'd the distant shore.

Israel was safe —but when the Egyptian king
And all his army strove to overtake
God's chosen people, He designed to bring
Destruction on them, for that people's sake.

The waters that like walls and bulwarks stood
On right and left, till Israel had passed o'er,
Now meet again, and in the swelling flood,
Egypt's proud warriors sink to rise no more.

Loud, loud, the song of adoration rose
From Israel's hosts to Israel's God on high,
Who by His power had overthrown their foes,
Whose arm alone had gained the victory.

Then let us never, tho' dark clouds arise,
Presume to murmur at God's chosen plan
For He is merciful, and just, and wise
Towards His fallen, guilty creature, man.

He will prepare our way, and lead us on
To heavenly Canaan's blissful happy shore;
Where we shall see the wonders He has done
For us and ours and His great Name adore.

A FRAGMENT.

I laid me down to rest, but sweet sleep came
With ling'ring step; reluctant it appear'd
To throw its opiate spell around the thoughts
That busiest roam'd when needing most repose:
They wander'd far, unmindful of the check
Impos'd upon them by the weary frame
Laid prostrate, through the chast'ning hand of God.
They wander'd far,—but many off'rings brought
To compensate the watchful hours of night;
They cull'd from mem'ry's store a mingled train
Of reminiscences, both sweet and sad.

But not on these to dwell, for all the past
Unalterable lies—no mortal hand
Can move one atom, or obliterate
The part enacted on life's busy stage.
Though there are many deeds not blazon'd forth
On fame's recorded page of good and ill,
Yet they will all revive and burst the bonds
That hold them now in time's vast sepulchre;
Their resurrection will as surely come
As that of Adam's race; both are foretold
In God's most holy word, the word of truth;
As witnesses they then will stand arrayed
Around God's bar, while great and small are judg'd:
The whisper'd sin, the crime most secret done,
Or hidden in the heart's recesses deep,
Will then all open stand, and conscience own
The weight of evidence they bear is just.
One hand alone can wipe away the stain
That sin will leave on all we say or do,
The hand that wrought for us the spotless robe
Of perfect righteousness, that shall adorn
The contrite soul that trusts in Jesu's blood;
On Him our hopes we stay, or stand condemned,
Jesus alone can prove the sinner's Friend.

WONDER, PRAISE, AND LOVE,

I'll tune my harp to sweeter strains,
Than e'er I sung before;
For in my heart the Saviour reigns;
I'll wonder, praise, adore:
Too long I've touched its sounding chords,
To earthly joys, and earthly lords.

I'll wonder at the Saviour's love,
Who thus in pity came;
Down from His throne of bliss above,
Above the starry frame;
Where angels in exalted lays,
Tell forth His never ending praise.

I'll wonder more, when I behold
His agonies and death;
What he endured can ne'er be told,
By any mortal breath;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
And all our sins He had to bear.

But most I'll wonder, when I feel
The Saviour shed His blood
My guilty sin-sick soul to heal,
And bring me near to God;
For me, who did so long despise
His all atoning sacrifice.

Praise shall my inmost powers employ
For such amazing grace;
And then how sweet, and pure my joy,
While I his mercies trace;
Oh! what a privilege to sing
The glories of our heavenly King.

I'll praise Him for affliction's rod,
Because each bitter stroke
Was given by the hand of God,
To break the tempter's yoke,
To rend the veil which sin entwines
Around our dark benighted minds.

I'll praise Him more, that He preserved
Me while in sin's broad path;
For death eternal I deserved,

And everlasting wrath.
But though from Him I went astray,
He guarded me through all the way.

But I will strive to praise Him most
For this sweet blessing given,—
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost,
To make me meet for heaven,
He sanctifies each wish, each thought,
And each good work through Him is wrought.

But I have yet one privilege more,—
And may I use it right,—
The power is given me to adore
God, who is Infinite:
Oh! let no earthly idol claim
The homage due unto His Name.

The living God I will adore,
And Christ His living Son,
Who lives and reigns for evermore,
And we with Him are one;
For while He lives we shall endure,
Our life with Him is ever sure.

Father of all believers here,
And all thy saints above,
By that sweet Name I would draw near
Unto thy Throne of love;
Adoring Thee yet more and more,
And never ceasing to adore.

My adoration shall be most,
When in the courts of heaven,
Amid the bright angelic host,
All praise to Thee is given;
Casting our crowns of gold before
Thee and the Lamb, I'll still adore.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

Psalm lxxiii, 25.

None but Jesus—may we ever
Feel and own this truth divine;
Nothing from His love can sever
Those round whom it does entwine.

None but Jesus—vain the treasures,
Which the gaudy world displays;
Vain those transitory pleasures,
Leading to destruction's ways.

None but Jesus—earth may proffer
Kindred, friends, and bright-wing'd joys,
But the best that she can offer,
Are but gilded, fading toys.

None but Jesus—friends the dearest
We must leave when He commands;
And those ties of kindred nearest
Cannot loose death's icy bands.

None but Jesus—idol altars,
Raised to riches, love, or fame,
Must be broken; he who falters
Is not worthy Jesu's name.

None but Jesus—none in heaven
But Him, or aught on earth beside
Must we desire: our hearts, if given,
He will not with the world divide.

None but Jesus—has the power
That can wipe away the tear,
In affliction's bitter hour;
And the lonely mourner cheer.

None but Jesus—ever loved
So unchanging, firm, and true;

Tho' we slight Him, He has proved
Faithful all our journey through.

None but Jesus—ever gave us
Gifts so boundless, vast, and free;
"Lamb of God! who died to save us,
Bind our wandering hearts to Thee."

None but Jesus—when life closes
Can support us firm in faith;
If the soul on Him reposes,
We shall find no sting in death.

None but Jesus—Saints, adore Him!
Sion's children, homage bring!
Hosts angelic, bow before Him!
He is heaven's Eternal King.

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

Where the breath of prayer ascends,
Though 'tis but a groan or sigh;
Where the spirit prostrate bends,
Conscious of iniquity,
Seeking pardon from above,
Through a Saviour's boundless love;

Or where'er a little band
Of tried and tempted pilgrims meet,
Stretching forth by prayer the hand
Of faith upon the mercy seat;
Asking, pleading, in the Name,
Of the pure and spotless Lamb;

There the blessing of the Lord
Gently falls like morning dew;
There the promise of his word
Rests upon that chosen few;
Jesu's presence there shall be,
Though they are but two or three.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE THE POLAR STAR OF LIFE.

Bright star of life!—thy radiant light
Outshines the glittering gems of night
That sparkle in yonder heaven;
They fly before the approach of day,
Each starry orb by the sun's bright ray
Far from mortal view is driven.

Bright star of life!—not so with thy reign,
Through sunshine and shade thy beams remain
T' illumine our path below;
Without thee how dark the future would seem,
The joys of the present a short-lived dream
Would be if thou ceasedst to glow.

Bright star of life!—how many have been
Guided by thee through each dreary scene
To a haven of peace and joy;
For nought can dispel the bright rays of light
That emanate from thee, source of delight,
And nought can thy glory destroy.

Bright star of life!—'tis thou canst impart
Solace and peace to the wounded heart,
In the chamber of death and woe:
Thou tellest of meeting beyond the tomb,
In a world where pleasures immortal bloom,
And where flowers unfading grow.

Bright star of life!—the captive may be
Cheered in his lonely cell by thee,
When no earthly friend is near;
Thou canst support him through anguish and pain,
Till liberty's hand shall sever the chain,
And restore him to all he holds dear.

Bright star of life!—woman's heart will own
Thy power supreme, when silent and lone
O'er life's thorny paths she must tread;
If thou lead the way, she will fondly brave
The furious tempest, the stormy wave,
Or the field of the slaughter'd dead.

Bright star of life!—when the wild waves dash
'Gainst some helpless bark, and the lightning's flash
Rends the sky, and loud thunders roll;
In that hour of danger, mid the dark scene,
The sailor beholds thee shining serene,
A beacon of peace to the soul.

Bright star of life!—oft have I viewed thee
Gilding the future with charms that endued me
With calmness mid sorrow and tears;
'Tis in the vista of far distant time,
When affliction surrounds us, thy promises shine
Refulgent to banish our fears.

Bright star of life!—thy light may I view
Shine over my path with unchangeable hue,
Dispersing the mists that arise;
Aided by thee, may I clearly behold
Joys which futurity's veil will unfold,
And mount on thy wings to the skies.

Bright star of life! — thou wilt set 'midst the blaze
Of glory resplendently bright, when I gaze
On Jesus in heaven above;
Faith itself will not enter the portals of light,
And hope finds no place in these realms of delight,
But is lost in eternity's love.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Psalm xxv, 1.

The earth it is the Lord's;—then mortals say,
Is there nought beautiful within its sphere?
Does not Jehovah in His works display
His wondrous love, and make His power appear?

Yes, there are flagrant flowers that yearly bloom,
Shedding sweet odours on the dawning spring;
Cheering our lone hearts with the rich perfume
That morning breezes for an offering bring.

Yes, there are vallies with bright verdure clad,
And shady labyrinths of forests green
Filled with soft notes from nature's minstrels glad,
Sweet band of warblers, heard when oft unseen.

And there are foaming cataracts sublime,
Which fill the finite mind of man with fear;
And gems that glitter in the secret mine,
Recluse, yet bright with dazzling beauty rare.

And are there not bright hosts of stars on high,
That shine and sparkle, as the gloomy night
Throws her dark veil of dense obscurity,
O'er shadows left by evening's fading light

The earth it is the Lord's, and all therein
Had been as bright and beautiful as Heaven
If man had not polluted it by sin,
And lost the glory that to him was given.

Nature shines forth and tells of God on high,
All glorious and bountiful and wise;
We trace His wonders in the vaulted sky,
And in the fragile flower that blooms and dies.

How sad the contrast, when we look around
And see the mind of man degraded low;
With all his heart's affections captive bound,
By sin and Satan—authors of our woe!

And death, who followed in sin's fearful train,
Clasps all things visible in his embrace;

Animate and inanimate again
Return to dust like all the human race.

The flowers that fill our senses with delight,
Will grow in loveliness a while and fade;
And when we seek the wild wood's shade, our sight
May rest upon some lordly tree decayed.

And verdant vallies that rejoice and sing
In summer time, when hoary winter comes
Look desolate; and songsters on the wing
Must die, however beautiful their plumes.

But there are scenes on which the eye of faith
May look with rapture, and fear no decay;
For Christ our Lord, who conquered sin by death,
Has gone before us to prepare the way.

There, in His kingdom, joy and peace are known;
Plants of a heavenly birth, that will not die,
Springing in rich profusion round His throne
Are these sweet flowers of immortality.

And songs that shall surpass the sweetest strains
Of melody, which aught on earth can raise,
Are heard where God enthroned in glory reigns,
Ascribing unto Him eternal praise.

And there are jewels that will far outshine
The lustre of the brightest gems on earth;
Souls ransomed and redeemed by love divine,
And raised to heaven by the second birth.

But 'tis by faith alone that we can reach
That heavenly kingdom; all man's works are vain,
Unless the Spirit does vouchsafe to teach
Our hearts, and save us from eternal pain.

Faith in Christ's agony and cruel death,
Faith in His perfect righteousness and love,
Faith in the promises of Truth, which saith
That Jesus intercedes for us above.

The heart uncleans'd by Christ's atoning blood,
With sin entwin'd around its inmost powers,
Can see no beauty in the living God,
Can find no loveliness in heaven's sweet flowers;

Nor could it join the sweet seraphic strain
That bursts spontaneously from souls in bliss;
To see their happiness would give it pain,
If it could enter such a scene as this.

To day God's voice is heard proclaiming good
Tidings of pardon to a guilty world;

Oh! harden not your hearts, unless ye would
Behold the banner of His wrath unfurl'd.

Either in death or judgement both will come,
And none can say how near that time may be;
Then sinners, seek Him ere your final doom
Be everlasting death or misery.

Seek Him while yet life's vital current flows
For when that stops, alas! 'twill be too late:
Seek Him before the hands of death disclose
The horrors of your never ending fate.

The Lord is gracious and will not refuse
To hear the humble contrite mourner's prayer;
He with compassion never ceasing views
The vilest sinner that through Christ draws near.

Then sinners, strive to seek Him while ye may,
And thus escape unutterable pains;
Christians! let not your faith and hope decay,
For they will lead you where your Saviour reigns.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

Father of mercies ! God of love !
Send thy bless'd Spirit from above
To dwell within my heart;
Oh ! curb the wayward passions there,
Make unbelief to disappear,
And saving grace impart.

Make me by faith on Christ depend,
The sinner's firmest, truest Friend;
And find access to Thee,
Through Him, who shed His blood and died,
That mortals might be justified,
And set from bondage free.

Make me to know the depth of sin,
That daily, hourly, reigns within;
And teach me Lord to pray,
That I may know how vile I am,
And seek salvation through the Lamb,
Who takes our sins away.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PART.

By thy Holy Spirit's teaching,
By thy servants' faithful preaching,
By thy grace within my heart,
I will chose the christian's part.

Help me, Lord, to do thy will,
And thy precepts to fulfil;
If thy blessing Thou impart,
I shall act the christian's part.

But if Thou withdraw thy aid,
Faith and hope themselves will fade;
And if these indeed depart,
I can boast no christian's part.

Strength must come from Thee alone,
Of myself, Lord, I have none;
But all merciful Thou art,
To sustain the christian's part.

Weak and helpless, Lord, I am,
Clinging to thy spotless Lamb;
Who sustained our curse and smart,
That we might bear the christian's part.

Keep me by thy love divine;
Let thy Spirit on me shine;
Write thy laws within my heart;
Teach me, Lord, the christian's part.

Still uphold me by thy grace,
That I faint not in the race;
So when death shall touch my heart,
Endless bliss shall be my part.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. B—D,

A sincere believer, who was called away to meet the Lord when in the act of engaging in family prayer.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

Numbers xxii, 10.

She called her little household band
To join with her in prayer;
Upon the Book she laid her hand;
(That Book to her most dear;)
A while in solemn silence they
Waited to hear the matron pray.

They heard no sound but still they deem'd
Her spirit was communing deep
With Christ, their Lord, who had redeem'd,
And sought and saved His wandering sheep:
They felt as though the Spirit's power,
Was with them at the vesper hour.

What happier scene can earth present,
Than hearts close bound in christian love,
Withdrawn from earth, and prostrate bent
Before the eternal God above,
Looking with faith's adoring eyes
To Jesu's finish'd sacrifice.

One of that peaceful happy band,
Now met to join in prayer and praise,
Was called before her Lord to stand,
And on his matchless glories gaze;
Her steadfast faith was lost in sight,
Amid the radiant realms of light.

Swiftly the summons by her Lord was given;
Swifter than thought the angelic convoys come,
To waft her ransom'd, waiting soul to heaven,
And bear her to her everlasting home:
She moved her lips one moment here in prayer,
Then joined the song of ransom'd millions there.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

But Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

St. Matthew xix, 14.

We 'll sing of Thee—
Dear Saviour, who didst come
From the bright realms above;
And left Thy radiant home,
Where all is light and love
To die for me.

We 'll tell of Thee—
The Everlasting God,
Who laid Thy glories by;
And in our nature trod
This earth, to bleed and die
On Calvary.

We 'll come to Thee—
For Thou in love hast said,—
Oh! suffer children dear,
By mine own Spirit led,
To Me their Friend draw near;
My grace is free.

We 'll cling to Thee;—
Dear Saviour, be our guide
Through life's tumultuous way;
And let not ought beside
E'er draw our hearts away
From following Thee.

We 'll pray to Thee—
Oh Lord, regard our prayer,
And let it now ascend,
Through thine own merit, where
Adoring myriads bend
In praise to Thee.

We 'll think of Thee—
If Thou wilt deign to place
New hearts and hopes within;
And save us by thy grace
From the sad power of sin;
And make us free.

We 'll look to Thee—
With the firm eye of faith,
And by that gift divine,
We 'll triumph e'en in death;
And then in glory shine,
Oh Lord! with Thee.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

What think ye of the Saviour, Christ the Lord?
Whose praise the Angel hosts delighted sing,
Who dwelt among us as the Incarnate Word,
And now for ever reigns a glorious King.

What think ye of His character, His name?
What think ye of His precepts and His laws?
Say, are you striving to fulfil the same?
And are you zealous to maintain His cause?

What think ye of His matchless, boundless love?
Which brought Him down to suffer and to die;
And made Him leave His radiant throne above,
Where He had dwelt from all eternity.

Ah! tell me, do you feel the Saviour's love
Prompting your heart to serve Him day and night?
And do you pray the Spirit to remove
The cloud of sin that veils Him from your sight?

And have ye viewed Him as the sinner's Friend,
With mercy's arms extended wide to save?
And do your hopes of heaven on Him depend?
And through Him can you triumph o'er the grave?

If such your thoughts of Him, then blest indeed
You are, and shall be still for ever so;
No weapon formed against you shall succeed,
For Christ has conquer'd every hurtful foe.

He conquer'd sin, and you no longer lie
Under its curse, who to the Saviour come;
He conquered death, and will you fear to die?
Oh! that will lead you to a blissful home.

Satan He conquered, but did not destroy
That monster, who stills struggles for his prey;
But Christ's own words give true believers joy,
That none shall take His chosen ones away.

Oh! ever strive to think of Christ, your Lord,
With faith and hope, with reverence and love;
Then rest upon the promise of His word,
That you shall dwell in Paradise above.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

"OUR FATHER!" whose wondrous condescension
Towards the sinful habitants of earth,
Is more than all the finite powers of man
Can ever comprehend while here below;
That Thou the mighty Lord, the King of kings,
The high Omnipotent, "Which art in heaven,"
Shouldst thus deign to call us sons and daughters,
Thy children by adoption, heirs of grace,
Through faith in Christ, who died that we might live;
For this amazing love, this mercy vast,
Unfathomable, "Hallow'd be Thy Name,"
And glorified above all other names:
Oh! Let "Thy kingdom come;" that all the earth
May hail that blessed jubilee of joy,
When Christ shall reign triumphant o'er His foes:
Then from far distant pole to pole, from all
The varied nations of this chequer'd globe,
Shall songs of adoration rise to Thee,
For Thou alone art worthy to be praised;
Then shall "Thy will be done" by saints "on earth"
With joy and gladness, "as it is in heaven"
By shining seraphim, and angels pure;
But while Thou sitt'st enthron'd on high, O Lord,
In glory bright and inaccessible,

Too dazzling even for the myriads
Of disembodied spirits that surround
Thy throne to look upon with eyes unveil'd,
Thou hast declared to us by word and work,
That Thou art mindful of our smallest wants;
That though Thy hand upholds the universe,
The sun, the moon, and all the starry host,
There 's not a feathered songster of the grove
Can fall to earth without Thy cognizance;
'Tis this emboldens us to pray that Thou
Would 'st "Give us day by day our daily bread;"
The bread of nature for our temp'ral wants,
And likewise that of heaven, whereon our souls
May feed; for man was not design'd to live
By perishable food alone; the soul,
Th' immortal soul, requireth nobler things;
It seeks the manna of thy precious word;
That rich exhaustless store of mercy, love,
And grace, which tells of pardon for our sins,
Even for crimes of deepest, darkest dye;
And teaches us to pray that Thou, O Lord!
Would 'st e'en "Forgive us our trespasses, as
We forgive the trespasses of others."
How small would be the measure of Thy love,
If human actions proved its standard;
But as the heavens are high above the earth,
So are Thy ways exalted above ours.
Oh! "Lead us not into temptation;"

For we are feeble, weak, and powerless,
Unable to resist the luring wiles
Which earth with subtilty weaves round our hearts,
Unless Thy Holy Spirit dwell within,
To strengthen us in ev'ry time of need;
Without that aid, our thoughts would never rise
Above the transitory things of time,
Or soar on hope's bright pinions to the realms
Of everlasting life and happiness;
Nor ever with the eye of faith behold
Our Saviour and Redeemer, in Thy Son,
Thy well beloved, who reigns above with Thee;
For all the nat'ral heart's imaginings
Are pride and vanity, deceit, and wrong.
Father of mercies! Thou, and Thou alone,
Art able to "Deliver us from evil,"
From foes without, and enemies within;
And from those dangers that we wist not of;
'Tis Thine omniscient eye alone can see
The numerous perils that surround our path
Asleep, awake, by day or dreary night,
When human strength lies bound in slumber's chain,
And darkness veils from mortal eyes those crimes
That stalk at large, forgetting Thou art near.
None but a God omnipotent like Thee,
Could stay the fury of the oppressor's arm,
Or lay the proud rebellious tyrant low:
'Tis Thine to bid the raging waves "be still,"

And calmness rest upon the mighty deep;
At Thy command the stormy winds subside,
Which else might hurl destruction all around:
But while these serve to show Thy wondrous power,
Oh! should they not prove lessons unto us,
Obedient to their sov'reign Maker's will.
The avenues of life and death are Thine;
For human skill without Thy aid is vain
To stem the fever's course, to heal the sick,
Or renovate the feeble wasted frame,
When pain, or dire disease hath laid it low.
These are the ills without—alas! that more
Destructive foes should dwell within the heart,
And raise rebellion there against that God,
Whose tender mercies are without an end.
Oh! what a host of daring passions rule
The unconverted soul; anger reigns there,
Envy, and malice,—seeds which ofttimes spring
In a ripe soul to murd'rous deeds anon;
Or where the fear of mortals may prevent
The outward act, still, still they rankle there,
Invisible to man, but not to God:
In such a state without redeeming grace,
What helpless, hopeless, sinners must we be;
But Thou, who could'st create a world from nought,
Hath power likewise to subdue these foes,
And cleanse and purify the soul of man,
Meet for a nobler heritage above;

Where Jesu's righteousness shall throw a veil
Of beauty o'er the spirits of the just
Made perfect through His all atoning blood;
There sighs shall ne'er be heard, nor tears be shed;
For joy unspeakable shall fill each soul,
When in Thy bright and glorious presence, Lord.
"Thine is the Kingdom" where sweet songs of joy
Respond eternally from angels' harps;
In blissful strains they sing Thy ceaseless praise,
While voice to voice re-echoes back the song,
Ascribing to "Thy power" all that they have,
All that they are, and all they wish to be;
Their being's first beginning, Thou, their joy
Through endless ages of eternity.
But grant, O Lord, that when the last dread trump
Shall sound aloud, to wake the sleeping dead,
And call the world to judgment; when the earth
Shall give her startling myriads up,—those
Who through long circling ages have reposed
Within their narrow resting place the grave;
When that cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh,"
Shall louder sound than e'en the trumpet's blast,
And ev'ry eye shall see Him as He is,
In all His glorious majesty arrayed;
In that dread hour support me, gracious Lord;
Be Thou my all sufficiency, my trust;
And with my lamp bright burning through Thy grace,
May I then join that radiant, glittering throng,

Who form the Lamb's triumphant bridal train;
And enter then with Him into His rest,
The heaven of heaven's, Thy bright and blest abode,
To dwell with Thee, in "Glory," love, and joy,
"For Ever, and for evermore. Amen."

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

Jesus! teach my heart to love Thee
More than empty worldly toys;
Make me feel there's One above me
Can bestow eternal joys.

In Thy presence, Lord, is pleasure;
Let me taste it here below:
Help me find that real treasure,
Which Thy gospel can bestow.

When in sickness, Lord, I languish,
Let me feel that Thou art near;
And in hours of soul-felt anguish
Wipe away each bitter tear.

Not that I should wish exemption,
From all sorrow, pain, and woe;

Thou, who didst purchase our redemption,
Drainest the cup of sorrow through.

And like gold, which is refined
And made more pure by fervent fire,
So, midst trials, we shall find
Our hearts and hopes to heaven aspire.

To heaven,—that happy, holy place,
Where Thy redeemed people dwell,
Around Thy throne, and see Thy face,
Which beams with love ineffable.

To heaven, where countless angels sing
In harmony, Thy power, Thy praise;
And seraphim, with mighty wing,
Veiled, upon Thy glories gaze.

For He cometh to judge the earth.

Psalm xcviii, 9.

He cometh! He cometh! the Lord from above!
To the garden of paradise, Eden's fair grove;
But man he has sinn'd, and he flies from that voice,
Which he ne'er heard before but it made him rejoice.

Oh! sad is that state, when the Holy and Just
Creator of all is received with mistrust;
Or shunned by His creatures, the work of His hands,
Who have broken His statutes, and spurn'd His commands.

For man he was upright, when first he came forth
From the hands of his Maker, and stood upon earth;
And God's holy image was stamp'd on his brow,
Oh! where are the traces of that image now?

Sin, sin has defaced it, in vain do we seek
In the children of Adam, for virtues so meek,
And feelings so holy, or hearts full of grace,
As when man held communion with God face to face.

Sin entered the world, and death passed upon all,
That sentence is fixed upon man by the fall;
And none can escape it; the general doom
Is plainly inscribed on each tablet and tomb.

The poor and the wealthy, the old and the young,
Are all swept away, as time passes on;
Death makes no distinction; the thoughtless, the gay,
The sad, and the mournful, he snatches away.

Oh ! sin is recorded on every line
Of man's history ; sin seems the end and design
Of all his imaginings, all that he does ;
And sin is the source from whence spring all his woes.

The wages of sin is not only that death,
Whose cold icy touch stops our last mortal breath,
But death to the soul is the certain reward
Of those who despise the blest word of the Lord.

That death through eternity's ages shall last ;—
Eternity ! oh, that is boundless and vast !—
To be banished from God's holy presence for ever,
And dwell where the worm of despair dieth never.

But thanks be to God, songs of mercy and praise
To His holy Name even sinners may raise ;
For Christ has redeemed them ; oh, glorious plan !
By which the Most High sheweth mercy to man.

Christ's righteousness does our transgressions efface,
When our sin-stricken hearts are subdued by his grace.
We are saved from our sins by His merit alone ;
The blood that he shed will for ever atone.

When the heart is renewed by God's Spirit, it flies
To the cross of the Saviour, from thence to the skies
It mounts and adores, on faith's soaring wing ;
And fears not the grave, that's deprived of its sting.

He cometh ! and who shall escape from the sight
Of eternity's King, in his power and might ?
He cometh to judge ; let the earth quake and fear,
And tremble when Jesus, that Judge, draweth near.

But strength in that last solemn day shall be given
To those who have fixed all their hopes upon heaven ;
Though Christ to the worldly in terror may come,
He shall lead His redeem'd to their heavenly home.

The soul shall be purer and holier made,
Than it was ere the fall, for Christ is the Head
Of his church and His saints ; and they, by His love,
Shall be clothed with beauty in heaven above.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHRIST.

But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.

2 *Corinthians* xi, 3.

Lord! and is the bended knee,
And the eye upraised in prayer,
Only mockery to Thee,
If the heart is wanting there?
Give me faith to worship Thee,
With a child's simplicity.

Do the doctrines men impart
Only tend to veil the eyes,
And to draw away the heart
From the living Sacrifice?
Lord enable me to see
More of Christ's simplicity.

Let thy Holy Spirit teach
All our hearts, and set us free
From the errors that men preach;
Let thy people learn of Thee,
Christ and his atonement see,
With unalloyed simplicity.

Jesus spake as none before
Ever spoke, or will again ;
When He veil'd His mighty power,
In the form of sinful men.
Here indeed we truly see
An instance of simplicity.

Is the gospel of our Lord
Full of mercy's wondrous plan ?
Does the Saviour in His word
Offer pardon unto man ?
Still the terms of grace are free,
Believe with true simplicity.

And the lessons which He taught
Boasted not of human art ;
Yet with deep instruction fraught
Jesu's language reach'd the heart.
In His parables we see
Grandeur and simplicity.

Let us each and all beware
Of the subtle tempter's arts,
And by constant fervent prayer
Strive to fortify our hearts :
Else like Eve, we soon shall be
Robb'd of our simplicity.

ON A PERSON EXPRESSING INDIFFERENCE AFTER HEARING A VERY ELOQUENT SERMON, PREACHED BY THE REV. H. S—H.

There was nothing to remember!—Well, be it so indeed
Of all this world calls excellent; for that we do not plead;
We ask you not to bear in mind the speaker's mellow'd tone,
Tho' it might flow in numbers sweet, peculiarly his own.

We ask you not to treasure up in memory's precious store
The look of deep devotion, which his every action bore;
Nor the eye upraised to heaven, as he touched on themes sublime
With ardent faith, that seemed to say, this Saviour God is mine.

Though these are sweet memorials, yet they will pass away,
When that voice is hushed, and closed that eye, and death has claimed his prey;
At least they will be hidden from the view of mortal men,
Though the spirit may behold those things, that claims an angel's ken.

Was there nothing to remember, when from God's holy word
The way of life and death was shewn? That truth ye must have heard;
Unless ye turned a listless ear, and quench'd the Spirit's power:
Oh! strive to woo that Spirit back, before the judgement hour.

Oh! is it not that sin has thrown a veil before your eyes,
And hides those glorious scenes, which faith beholds beyond the skies;
Then pray, that as the temple's veil was rent when Jesus died,
The barrier which obstructs your sight may now be thrown aside.

And would you drive from memory's shrine the invitation given,
In Jesu's name, to all who seek through Him their way to heaven;
Nay, try to enter on that way; pursue the narrow road
That leads to final happiness, that leads you to your God.

THE LAMB SLAIN
FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD.

And Abraham said, my son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.
Genesis xxii, 8.

Behold yon venerable sire ascending
Moriah's hill, to build an altar there;
Where, by the sacrifice in faith low bending,
The patriarch may offer up his prayer.

See, by his side a lovely youth appears,
Who calls him father; tis his only son,
The solace of his declining years,
His tenderly beloved and loving one.

And wherefore does he go – that child of love?
What purpose has his youthful heart in view?
To worship; and in early years to prove
His father's God, the God of Isaac too.

My father! dearest father!—lo, he cried,—
Behold I bear the wood, and thou the fire,
Where is the lamb, that we may sacrifice
And offer on the holy altar pyre.

With deep emotion struggling in his breast,
But yet with outward calm, the sire replied,
My son, on God's own promises we rest,
A lamb to sacrifice He will provide.

Obedience to his father, love to God,
Prompted his joyous steps to bound along;
Cheering the solitary path they trod,
By holy converse or with solemn song.

Far different feelings filled the father's heart,
Nature's fond ties must soon be rent in twain;
'Tis God's command, with Isaac he must part,
By Abraham's hand he must be bound and slain.

Isaac, his son,—the child whom God had given,
That in his Seed the nations should be blessed!—
Must all these promises, alas! be riven?
Must all these glorious prospects sink to rest?

And must that voice now bursting forth in praise,
Be hushed to silence,—lost in death's last sigh?
And closed that eye now turned with ardent gaze
Of deep devotion on the azure sky?

A stranger's heart could ill have borne the thought,
To crush so fair a floweret in the bud;

But oh! with what intenser anguish fraught,
A parent's hand to stop that young life's blood.

But still it must be done, the Lord's command
Must be obeyed, and Abraham felt it so.
With faith unwavering, lo! he lifts his hand,
To give the last, the final, fatal blow.

"Abraham! 'tis well," an angel's voice proclaims,
"Now stay thine hand; this act of thine hath shewn
Thy faith sincere; thou, while the world remains,
As father of the faithful shalt be known."

Now turn we from this picture unto one
Of deeper love and deeper agony;
For "God so lov'd the world, He gave His Son
To suffer in our stead,—to bleed and die."

For though He was the well-belov'd, who lay
Enbosomed in the Father, with Him one;
Yet that almighty love did not delay
The work, which in eternity began.

And Jesu's willing love coequal ran,
Tho' well He knew the vast, the painful price
That He must pay, to rescue fallen man;
He knew that He must be the Sacrifice.

But willingly He left the throne of God,
And all the height of glory which He prized;
And willingly upon the earth He trod,
A man of sorrows, hated and despised.

He bore a weight of agony in death
Which no poor finite mortal could have done,
Still love and pity marked His latest breath,
"Father, forgive the murderers of thy Son!"

Angels looked on with pity and dismay,
To see the sufferings of their dying Lord;
But well for us their pity could not stay
The Father's hand, that held the direful sword.

If aught in that decisive solemn hour
Had moved the Father's heart to spare His Son;
We must have sunk beneath His righteous power,
And suffered for the sins that we have done.

But now the sacrifice complete is paid;
And peace, and joy, and hope again are given
To those, who look by faith to Christ their Head,
And trust Him as their only way to heaven.

JESUS CHRIST, THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.
John vi, 68.

To whom shall we go?—to the world?
To the world! it looks bright and speaks fair:
But alas! like the worm that is curled
In the rosebud, the canker is there.

Oh! turn not so quickly away;
The children of pleasure exclaim;
You shall taste of delight if you stay,
And join with the world's merry train.

Oh, sinners! heed not that sweet voice,
Tho' it lures you, it tempts you to go;
The world for a time may rejoice,
But it leads to unspeakable woe.

To whom shall we go? Can the field
Of ambition or learning afford
Sweet repose for the soul? Can it yield
A firm and substantial reward?

Ye may climb to the loftiest height
That earth's proudest heroes can know;
But you 'll find in death's dark dreary night,
That the laurels will fade from your brow.

Ye may study and toil o'er the page
Of classical learning, and find
That it ne'er gives a balm to assuage
The pain of a sin-stricken mind.

To whom shall we go? to our friends?
The nearest and dearest we have?
These are blessings that God himself sends,
And may we not love what He gave?

Ye may love them; but not all the heart
To the dearest on earth must be given;
The Lord claims a sovereign part,
All idols from thence must be driven.

Do you ask, then, to whom ye shall go?
Oh! listen to God's holy word,
There is but one Way here below,
That can life everlasting afford.

There Christ as the Saviour is shewn,
He can cleanse us from sin's darkest dye,

Oh ! flee to that Refuge alone :
None other such peace can supply.

In Jesus behold your best Friend,
There wisdom unbounded is stored ;
And pleasures that never will end
Are enjoyed by the saints of the Lord.

Then, sinners, Oh ! do not delay ;
'Tis Jesus that bids you draw near :
This is the acceptable day,
In love He entreats you to hear.

" The Bride and the Spirit say come !"
And angels are tuning their lyres
To welcome the prodigal home,
While joy fills the cherubic quires.

The glory of that happy land
Mortal language must fail to foretel ;
'T will be known by that blood ransomed band,
Who with Jesus for ever will dwell.

Among them may we have a place,
A mansion prepared in the skies ;
Crowned with glory, while songs of His grace
From our harps shall eternally rise.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them them that have pleasure therein.

Psalm cxi, 2.

How vast, magnificent, and grand,
Creation's works appear;
All fashioned by Jehovah's hand,
All guarded by His care.

Wheree'er our bounded vision rests,
New scenes of beauty rise;
There's nought we look on, but attests
That God is good and wise.

Do we survey the mighty deep,
Or peaceful winding stream;
Or gaze upon the mountain's steep,
Bright with the sunshine's gleam.

It tells us of that power divine,
That gave the waves their bound;
And causes yonder sun to shine
On hills with verdure crowned.

Nor on these verdant lands alone,
Do its bright beams arise;
The barren heath and hardened stone
Receive the same supplies.

A striking lesson here we trace
That God to all is kind;
No portion of the human race,
But what His mercies find.

Alas! with what unthankful hearts
His creatures oft receive
The blessings that His love imparts,
The gifts He deigns to give.

And do we lift our thoughts on high,
And view those orbs of light,
Bespangling yonder azure sky
With borrowed lustre bright;

It tells of glory brighter far,
That radiant still remains;
Though lighting every glittering star
That gems the ethereal plains.

The sun and moon proclaim his love,
Though they must fade away;
But Christ shall shed a light above,
More perfect than the day.

And in that light what glorious hues
Of holiness and peace
Shall rest on all, and wide diffuse
A joy that ne'er will cease.

And music sweet from God's own sons—
That happy, holy band,
The thousand times ten thousand ones,
Who in His presence stand—

Shall swell the thrilling anthem song,
In one unceasing strain,
Of—Glory, majesty, belong
To Him, who once was slain.

THE DISCIPLES MET IN FEAR.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

John xx, 19.

Little band of mourners lone,
Met in secresy and woe:
Feeling now your Master's gone,
All your dearest hopes laid low;
For ye thought the Saviour came
To redeem lost Israel's fame.

Ye had seen the works of might,
Which your Lord and Master wrought;
How the blind received their sight,
How the dead to life were brought;
Lepers cleansed, and sins forgiven,
By the Incarnate God from heaven.

Ye had heard the tempest stilled,
Calmed and hushed at His behest;
Ye had seen vast numbers filled
With the bread which Jesus blest;
But these wonders were forgot,
When ye thought your Lord was not.

Ye had seen Him walk the seas,
Firm as if on earth He trod ;
With such witnesses as these,
Could ye question He was God ?
Well might He reprove your faith,
" Wherefore do ye doubt ? " He saith.

For a while that voice was hushed
In the last expiring cry,
When the healing life-stream gushed
From His side, on Calvary ;
Then ye saw the Saviour laid
In the sepulchre's sad shade.

But the bands of conquered death,
Could not hold life's mighty Lord ;
He who gave all creatures breath
Rose triumphant by His word :
Death and hell could not enthrall
Him who was the Lord of all.

Legions of His direst foes,
Angels sunk in misery,
Were led captive when He rose,
Trophies of His victory ;
Glorious triumph long decreed,
To the woman's promised Seed.

But the veil of unbelief
Still around your hearts was twined,
Throwing deeper shades of grief
O'er each sorrow-stricken mind;
Fill'd with fear, dismay, regret,
In an upper room ye met.

Sad your converse, while ye dwelt
On the sufferings of your Lord;
And each tongue essay'd to tell
Many a deep mysterious word,
Treasured up in memory's store,
Now recalled and pondered o'er.

Little did ye deem your story
Soon would turn to glad surprise:
Jesus in his risen glory,
Stands again before your eyes:
Peace, the blessing which He gives;
Lasting peace, for Jesus lives.

He lives to intercede above
For His followers here below;
And to bless them with His love,
All their heavenward journey through;
Though they oft repine and grieve,
He is faithful,—still believe.

EARTHLY CHANGES, AND HEAVENLY DURABILITY.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed.

Psalm cii, 26.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day. and for ever.

Hebrews xiii, 8.

We change! we die! we perish! or decay!
Such, such may all earth's family exclaim;
Her num'rous progeny of living forms,
From man, who boasts himself creation's lord,
Down to the tiny insect of the dust:
And not these only; but the eye can rest
On nothing changeless in earth, air, and sea;
The feelings, hopes, pursuits, and ties of life,
Spring into being but to pass away;
With varying hue, Chameleon like, they live,
And mutability marks all things here.

The circle of our friends at times seems full;
Entwined, and clasp'd round with the chain of love;
Bound with sweet bonds of fellowship, so strong
That we are prone to look on them and say,
Whatever else on earth may change, with these

It is impossible.—Alas! they bear
Earth's impress and, with that, earth's changes too:
Heart beats in unison with heart, and thought
Responds harmoniously with kindred thought;
Communion sweet, that gilds this weary wild
Of toil and care with cheering rays that shine
From heaven's bright sunny bowers, where all is love.
But ah! we find love's life on earth is brief;
The golden chain that circled round our friends
Appears with many a severed link at last;
Perhaps one by one they broke in twain; the change
With silent step invisibly came on;
It might be death, or distance, made the void,
But still we feel the vacancy, and find
That earthly friends must change or pass away.
Few, few, have pass'd through life nor found it so,
And memory echoes that the tale is true.

Enlarge the sphere, call numbers to your aid,
To stem the sweeping ravages of time;
Nations and empires with their pomp and pride,
Their boasted grandeur, luxury, and wealth,
With law they called fixed, unalterable,
"By royal lips decreed," "that changeth not;"
But can these prove a barrier 'gainst the tide
Of change that onward rolls while time shall last?
The weary traveller of later days,
When wandering midst the desert wilderness,

Where once these nations held unrivalled sway,
Lights on some mould'ring relic that just tells
Of glory faded, splendour sunk in shade,
Then crumbles into dust beneath his touch.
This tells of change—a sad and solemn change,
Where once the warrior stood with conquest flushed,
And blood-bought laurels wreathed around his brow,
While acclamations of his valour rose
In deafening peals, with martial music joined;
There mirth and revelry, mid festive scenes
At midnight hours, drank deep at pleasure's fount
That draught, intoxicating while it charms,
Which elevates but to debase the soul,
Lifts to a dizzy height of 'wildering joy,
Then leaves its votaries captive slaves of sin.
But brighter, softer themes the mind may trace
Among these ruined fabrics of the past:
The happy home, the parent's tender ties,
Were not denied to nations such as these;
Though ofttimes made to yield their influence up
To stern ambition, or low sordid vice.
Here, mingling with these passions stern or base,
Was sometimes seen the classic hand of art,
And heard in melodies love's own sweet voice;
Amalgamation strange, but not less true!
The histories of God's word have stamped its truth,
And told their downfall and destruction too:
But where these once all lived and moved a while,

There ruin reigns, and grandeur lies entombed
Beneath its ivyed mausoleum; there owls
And satyrs dwell and join the death like wail.

But pass we on from these, and survey next
The books of nature; and let nature tell
How durable the lines we trace therein.

Ye hidden wonders of the ocean's depths!
Ye rocky bulwarks of the watery world!
Whose forms seem wrapt in adamantine strength,
Or clad in vestures that will not decay;
Alas! that thought is vain, ye too must change.
Year after year that passes on its course,
(Marked only by the beating of the surge
On wave succeeding wave, with ceaseless roll,)
Plants furrows on your forms and seals your doom:
Though yours is not the rapid sudden change,
The brief existence of the flowery gems
That crown the surface of the blooming earth,
A lovely diadem that Spring presents
And nature wears, when Summer holds her court:
These scarcely greet us with their loveliness
Before they look farewell and pass away.

And see the waving crops of golden grain
That gently bend before the passing breeze,
(Sweet lesson of submission this, to us,)

Behold the vallies and far stretching hills,
Clothed so profusely with the ripened corn
That they are said to laugh and sing for joy.
But are they always so? from month to month,
And day to day, of each revolving year?
Go track the steps of him that plows and sows:
See the small seed dropt underneath the soil,
And after months of patient waiting trace
First the "green blade, and then the full grown ear;"
The Heavenly Alchymist has wrought the change
And granted fresh supplies for mortal's food.
Here muse a while in meditation sweet,
And through the vista of far distant time
Behold the harvest of a rising world;
The mould'ring dust that long has lain entombed
Beneath the sod, now stands in beauty forth;
The natural body placed within the grave
Rises a spiritual and glorious one;
The perishing corruptible puts on
The robes of immortality and life:
Change! wondrous change! surpassing human thought,
With all its powers, to grasp or understand.

How changeful are the clouds that float beneath
The bright ethereal realms, the azure vault
That canopies our world, the deep blue sky:
Ten thousand shapes their snow white forms assume,
As onward in their heav'nly course they glide;

Varied their forms, just so the truths they teach ;
They lead us to the word of God, and e'en
To God himself who visits us in clouds.
In Inspiration's page most solemn scenes
Are ushered in or compass'd round with clouds,—
An aeriel train attendant on the Lord
To throw their mystic veil between the bright
O'erpow'ring vision and frail mortal man.
And see in that bright, blessed, precious book,
When first God speaks of clouds, what glorious scenes
Unfold themselves to faith's deep piercing eye ;
A voice almighty, merciful, proclaims,
" Behold I set my bow within the cloud."
(Sweet promise, radiant with bright beaming hope,
The covenant of mercy, pledge of heaven
To all who seek a refuge in that ark
Prefigured forth by various types of old.)
The rainbow's beauteous arch, outspreading wide
Its blended hues across the summer sky,
Seems a faint ray from heaven's own glorious land
To tell of scenes too bright for mortal eye.
The soul-rapt prophet by fair Chebar's banks,
(The Chaldean's captive, but the Lord's own seer,)
When favoured with those deep mysterious truths
In vision spoken, and by sign revealed,
Sank prostrate to the earth, o'ercome with awe
And rapture at the glory that burst forth,—
The glory that surrounds the throne of God.

Partial indeed the glimpse ; eye hath not seen,
That is, no mortal eye can live and see,
The dazzling brightness of those blissful realms,
The wide expanse of happiness that waits
The soul that's justified by love divine ;
But in that partial glimpse vouchsafed the seer,
What object met his gaze above the rest ?
A radiant throne, and Him that sat thereon
Was like unto a man ; a man divine,
The Holy One who fills eternity :
(None else could occupy that lofty seat :)
The brightness that in splendour shone around
Was like the bow that we poor mortals see
Set in the clouds above in days of rain.
The lov'd Apostle of our suffering Lord,
The heaven tranced Prophet of our risen God,
When banished by his persecuting foes
To Patmos' lonely but high favoured isle,
There meditating of his Saviour's love,
On that best day of seven we call the Lord's,
The Spirit filled his inmost soul with light
And heaven's deep mysteries opened to his view,
And like the seer of former days he saw
The same bright vision round about the throne,—
"A rainbow, like unto an emerald."
May we behold the rainbow's radiant hues
Amongst the clouds of danger, grief, or pain
That compass round our path of life below ;

Then in our soul's experience we shall find
And sweetly realize the blessed truth,
That God, Jehovah, our own covenant God,
In mercy makes the clouds His chariot.

The clouds! we gaze upon them and we find
Exhaustless images steal o'er the mind
In numberless succession; language fails
Through very feebleness to pourtray forth
The glowing pictures by the clouds revealed.
One grand majestic scene comes vividly
In bright array before our mental view:
The Judge of quick and dead, of heaven and earth,
Comes travelling in the greatness of His strength
With clouds encompassed; so His word declares.
What thrilling rapture, what deep awe, will fill
The myriads ransomed and redeemed by grace,
At that o'erwhelming burst of glory bright!
Time with its changes then will pass away,
Immortal happiness unceasing flow,
Immortal flowers will then unfading bloom,
And friends in Jesus shall for ever love.
In the new heaven and earth no change can come,
They 're lighted by a sun that never sets,
"The Sun of righteousness," all bright and fair:
No sorrows enter there, no pain, no tears,
No blighted hopes, no crushed and withered joys,
Because no sin: for all these form, alas!

The train attendant on man's fallen state.
Sin casts a shadow wheresoe'er it goes,
And that dark shade is anguish, care, and woe:
But in the new Jerusalem above
The blest inhabitant shall never feel
Aught that can ruffle that deep sea of joy
That calmly flows around, above, within.
The only change e'er known in that blest land
Is glory! glory! on to glory still!
Whence this unspeakable delight? this bliss
For ever new, and yet, oh! never old?
'Tis that the souls that form that happy band
Reflect the image of their glorious Lord;
The King immortal reigns for ever there.
Where'er His sceptre sways the rule is love,
And all His kingdom bears the sovereign seal,
The stamp of royalty,—His own blest Name
Unchangeable! oh yes! unchangeable;
Jesus our Saviour, Judge, and King, the same
In ages past and ages yet to come.

Pause here my soul, nor dare attempt to draw
Aside the veil that bounds our mortal sight,
A distant glimpse of that bright land we catch,
When by the Spirit's 'luminating power
We look through God's own word, and as we gaze
Behold by faith the portals of that land,
And see within them bright angelic forms,

A company innumerable,
On Sion's hill, the city of our God,
The heavenly Jerusalem; we view
A countless multitude assembled there,—
Kings, priests, and patriarchs, saints, holy seers,
Who lived in various ages here below,
Yet form one living church in heaven above;
Made perfect through perfection's Fount, our God,
Our God in Christ, our Mediator, Judge,
Supreme above them all; on Him alone
Faith's lingering gaze would rest, nor e'er remove;
But being burdened with a mortal vest,
Its trembling wings refuse to bear it up,
And quite o'erwhelmed it sinks again to earth,
Subject while here to vary, and to change.
But strengthened and refreshed by that brief view
Of the celestial paradise above,
We go rejoicing on our heavenward way,
And sweetly meditate on that blest day
When no more change shall come, but, Lord, with Thee
We shall for ever and for ever be.

The untaught Indian bows
In homage to his sway,
When 'neath the forest boughs
He seeks, alas! to pay,
In cruel deeds, some hideous rite,
Dark as the sable gloom of night.

The swarthy negro wears
Ofttimes a twofold chain;
His fellow creature's yoke he bears,
(Slave for the free man's gain,)
But stronger still sin's fetters bind
Around his unconverted mind.

And in the fairest place
That ruined earth retains
The marks of sin deface
The beauty that remains;
There idol altars oft are seen
Adorn'd with false alluring sheen.

But not in heathen lands
Alone does darkness reign;
Sin weaves its subtil bands
Throughout earth's wide domain;
And many a mind with wisdom stored
Rejects the knowledge of the Lord.

See where the Churches stood
In Apostolic days;
With faith and love endued,
They heralded God's praise:
But now their ruins serve to tell
Where once they flourished, sinned, and fell.

E'en where the Spirit came
With plenitude and power,
And sat like tongues of flame,—
The Saviour's promised dower,—
There unbelief usurped its might,
And dimmed the blaze of gospel light.

And Britain, favoured Isle,—
Like to some precious gem,
Most radaint for a while
On earth's fair diadem,
Bright with the glory those receive
Who on their Saviour Christ believe,—

Should heed the warning sound
That echoes from the past;
And not like them be found
Unfaithful at the last:
Abundant blessings have been poured
On Britain by a covenant Lord.

But the bright gold may dim,
And fairest gems decay,
If ought we trust but Him
Who takes our sins away:
Then let us each and all beware
Of Antichrist's delusive snare.

The word of God declares
That evil days will come,
Before that Christ appears
To take His people home;
But may we watch, and constant pray,
And work, while yet 'tis called to day.

But though God's word has told
That Christ will come again,
It likewise does unfold
The judgements that remain
For those who willfully despise
And set at nought His sacrifice.

And has not Christ declared,
"I am the living Way;"
Hearts are by Me prepared
To dwell in endless day:
No other Saviour can there be,
My death alone atoned for thee.

Then shall we list to those
Who fain would set at nought
The Saviour's death, and interpose
The works themselves have wrought;
And say that water can impart
The grace that purifies the heart?

Ah! these are Satan's wiles,
Who strives to veil our sight;
And many a heart beguiles
With borrowed robes of light:
At least to blinded souls he seems
Array'd as with an angel's beams.

Nor does he rest in this;
But as the Lord most high
Amid the realms of bliss
Reigns in His majesty,
So Satan here erects his throne,
And as a god would fain be known.

And some, alas! are found
To join the traitor train,
Who once proclaimed the sound
Of Christ for sinners slain:
Departed from the truths they taught,
To tread the paths with error fraught.

We pity all who lie
Bound in the chains of sin,
But heave a deeper sigh
For those who were within
The light of truth, yet turn away,
And scorn the soul reviving ray.

Oh! give us grace to gird
The gospel armour on;
And wield the Spirit's sword
Until life's work is done;
To hold the truth that sets us free,
And worship none, O Lord! but Thee.

Printed by George Simms, 30, Whimple Street, Plymouth.